Daily Eagle

AFTER MARRIAGE.

The spacious room seems bare
And drear beyond compare,
A man with sparse gray hair
  Sits grim and lonely,
Brooding on sin and shame,
His smirched and ruined name.
Which was the most to blame?
  He? or she only?

When June and Winter wed
They shoe Time's steeds with lead;
Small wonder that she fled
  To love and laughter,
To Life's full swirl and stir,
Though years must bring to her
Even a bitterer,
  More sordid, "After."

Only the stage-worn play!
Light Love will have its way,
Its own mad course, nor stay
  For name nor station.
A woman rashly bought,
Ambition coldly sought,
Passion and Greed—have wrought
  This desolation.
—R. Armytage in The Academy.

HOW CIGARS ARE MADE.

Making Up the Cheering Weed by Hand and by Machine—The Grades.

The finest grade of tobacco comes from Havana, and is used for what is called filling. The wrapper used mostly throughout the Union is the Sumatra leaf, and is the handsomest and best in use. In the first place, all tobacco is moistened with water, and left standing between twenty-four and forty-eight hours, according to the texture of the tobacco. It is then stripped, that is, the stem is taken out, and the leaf opened and spread between two boards for the purpose of keeping it open, and of giving it a flat surface. In this stage the leaf is dried and worked into cigars as fillers. The greatest precaution is always taken that the filler be perfectly dry, or it cannot be smoked, and, therefore, the cigar would not fulfill its purpose in the least.

Cigars are rolled on flat stones by a deft motion quite indescribable to those who have not seen it. The rolling is but the work of an instant. The tobacco is laid on the stone, the practiced fingers touch it—one minute more and there is a cigar of perfect proportions, which is rapidly passed along to the next man, who snips off the pointed end with a small cutting machine made for the purpose, after which it is passed to another man, who ties it up into a bundle with many others of its kind.

As a rule, the inside wrapper, called the binder of a cigar, is composed of either Connecticut or Wisconsin tobacco, which, on account of its being very thin and flimsy, and having little taste, does not in the least mar the taste of the Havana filler. Although there are a great many cigars made without binders, still, as a rule, the cigars supposed to be made without them are nearly all binders. After the filler is inclosed in the binder it is termed in the trade a "bunch;" the outside binder is then cut, rolled and finished, which completes the process of making what are known as "hand-made cigars."

Cigars are also made in molds in blocks of twenty forms, or shapes, of cigars. These blocks are grooved in the exact shape of the cigar when finished. "Bunches" are made by hand and placed in these grooves, after which a cover, fitting the mold exactly, is placed over it like a cover, and is heavy enough to act as a press upon the cigar under it.

In cheap work 700 bunches are prepared at once, inferior cigars being made this way for the reason that they can be made so much cheaper and faster. These are naturally not as good as the hand-made cigars, as machine-making somehow spoils the flavor of the tobacco. They are more shapely than the hand-made cigars and look better, but, it is said, do not taste so well.—Denver Tribune.

His First French Kiss.

The almost universal custom of kissing in Paris seems at first singular to a stranger coming from a country where the proprieties of life rarely permit you to take a lady's hand, much less to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not intimate on meeting her is very common; especially is this the case if she is a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning. But though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet on the New Year's morning it is imperative. On that morning I came down to my breakfast about 9 o'clock.

"I sat down quietly, bidding madam bon jour, as on ordinary occasions. In a few moments she was at my elbow with:

"'Monsieur, I am angry with you.'

"I expressed, of course, a regret and ignorance of having given her any reason.

"'Ah,' said she, 'you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace me this morning when you came down.'

"Madam was a lady of perhaps 28, with jet black, glossy hair, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very beautiful; had she been plain I should have felt less embarrassed. She waited as though expecting me to atone for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table! I sat all this time trembling in my seat. At length madam said:

"'Monsieur, embrassez moi.'

"The worst had come. I arose trembling, put my white, bloodless lips, all greasy with butter and wet with coffee (for in my embarrassment I had dropped my napkin), to those of madam. This was my first French kiss."—Paris Letter.

Going and Coming.

"Good-by, father."

"Good-by, my son; God bless you."

And the train starts, bearing the boy away to college. The old man watches it until it is out of sight, and brushing away his tears, turns to a friend.

"There goes my boy to get an education. I tell you, sir, it's something to have a boy like that!" and the happy father turns, and getting into his wagon, which is standing near by, drives home.

A year has gone by, and the same wagon is standing in the same place, and the old man, with a radiant face, is waiting for the train which is bringing his boy home. It comes puffing into the depot, and the boy steps down.

"Hello, gov'nor."

The old man says nothing; those careless words and that carelessness have struck him to the heart. Again there are tears in his eyes, but he does not say, "I tell you, sir, it's something to have a boy like that."—New Haven Register.

The Druids' Doctrine.

The ancient Druids of England kept a good part of their religion a secret from the common people. Some people think there were Druidesses as well as Druids; but if there were they were not told the secret doctrine. The Druids seem to have been a kind of magicians.—Boston Budget.

A very curious epidemic, resembling typhoid fever, broke out on Washington Heights, in New York, a few years ago. It was found on investigation that the disease was confined to the customers of a certain milkman. An examination of the cows owned by this man was made, and one was found with a very loathsome abscess of the udder. At the time the examination was made this cow was being milked into the common pail. Although the investigation was very thoroughly conducted, no cause could be found until the cow with the abscess had been quarantined, when the sickness speedily stopped.—Dr. Cyrus Edson in The